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SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW



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FINANCIAL

*Notes About Issues in the Financial World
Most Interesting to Readers of the Review*

FOREIGN BONDS OR SHORT TERM NOTES?

Collateral secured foreign government bonds are considered excellent investments. As the indications of peace grow stronger they will doubtless reflect the higher values due at the end of the war.

French 5½s and United Kingdoms 5½s of 1919 are preferred by many on account of their early maturity and, in case of the French securities, the privilege of exchange.

Some bankers are advising the disposal of an investment fund on a basis of dividing it into two parts, one of 66⅔%, and the other of 33⅓%; the latter one third to be utilized, when so contemplated, in the purchase of foreign securities, and the balance of two-thirds to be equally apportioned in the purchase of short term notes of the character of Bethlehem Steel 5s, General Electric 6s, or Baltimore & Ohio 5s, and public utility bonds bearing five per cent. and selling at a discount from par.

NEW WAR STOCKS

With Congress' recent appropriation of \$640,000,000 for aeronautical purposes, there has been born a glittering array of companies formed either to get and profit by a part of this big business by virtue of contracts secured, promised or hoped for, or else merely in order to separate the public from its savings.

The latter procedure takes advantage of the extraordinary sympathy with which the people have received the aeronautical project and its possibilities.

A large part of the public has suffered to some extent from spontaneous participation in new enterprises created by the possibilities of war business. It is reasonable

Possibilities in Government Bonds

of some of the most important European nations, caused by the present abnormally low rate of exchange, created by war conditions, will be explained for those who communicate with Mr. Niels Frode Holch.

A. B. LEACH & COMPANY

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62 Cedar Street, New York

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Baltimore	London		

able to expect unusually heavy speculation in aeroplane stocks, but the chief beneficiaries of such inclination would be those concerns that have already established themselves on a solid earning basis.

It is logical to assume that most of these concerns cannot keep on operating at full capacity indefinitely, but some of them, no doubt, if the war should terminate suddenly, could utilize their plants for other purposes just as profitably, in whole or part. Such adaption to conditions is made possible by the intensive methods of organizing and merchandising now employed.

A NEW LOAN SYSTEM

Under the auspices of a prominent group of capitalists a new system of lending money has been put into effect, which promises to do more towards ending the prevailing shroocking than any yet devised.

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120 Broadway NEW YORK 580 Fifth Avenue

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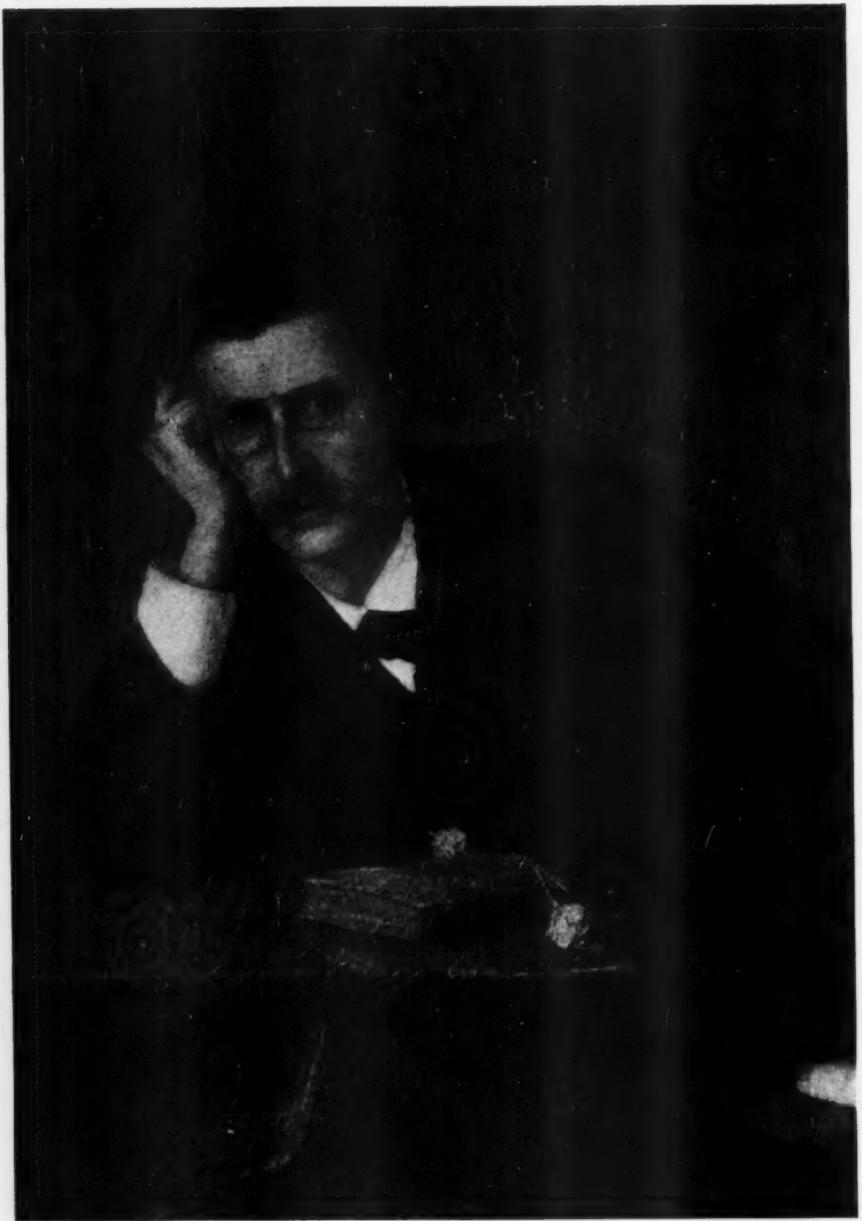
The Fifth Avenue Office of this Company, corner 47th Street, is accessibly situated for anyone desiring the services of an Uptown Banking Institution.

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Safe Deposit Vaults



J. P. JACOBSEN
1847-1885

From a Painting by L. Josephson

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NUMBER 5

Two Poems by J. P. Jacobsen

Translated by A. H. PALMER

IRMELIN ROSE

*Lo, there lived a king aforetime,
Lord of many treasures seen,
But the name he gave the best one,
Known to all, was Irmelin,
Irmelin Rose,
Irmelin Sun,
Irmelin all that was lovely.*

*All the knightly helmets mirrored
Clear her colors, and her fame,
And with every rhyme and rhythm
In alliance was her name:
Irmelin Rose
Irmelin Sun,
Irmelin all that was lovely.*

*Numbers great of ready wooers
To the royal palace spurred,
Wooed with passion's glance and gesture —
Flower-fair their every word:
Irmelin Rose,
Irmelin Sun,
Irmelin all that was lovely.*

*But the princess sent them from her
(Cold as steel her heart and hard),
Blamed in some their awkward bearing,
Mocked the brogue that others marred.*

*Irmelin Rose,
Irmelin Sun,
Irmelin all that is lovely.*

LANDSCAPE

*A widespread heath and its moss-covered stones,
Far yonder of water the shimmer,
A gold-red stripe where the sun has gone down,
One star and its tremulant glimmer.*

*With mystic murmur the evening wind
Breathes tenderly sighing and slowly,
As if a soul in it lovingly cared
For human hearts wounded and lowly.*

*At dawn of day many thousands of hopes
Swept upward on wings of their daring;
Who knows but now softly sighing the wind
The weak and the wing-hurt is bearing?*

*Who knows but now they are gathering here,
Like birds ere their southward endeavor,
For trial: Have we yet strength in our wings,
Or wing-hurt are worsted forever?*

*And many feel they have glided far
Where soundless Death's river is stealing;
The others lighten in flock after flock
To dreams that men dream for their healing.*

J. P. Jacobsen

By DAGMAR KNUDSEN

DENMARK, I love you, at Skagen in the north—where the tides fight for mastery, and ships are stranded, where the sun bakes in summer on long lines of high white sand dunes, and the blue light plays weirdly over laughing, yellow-haired children and dried seaweed and fishermen's huts—or on the silent, wide, heathery moors, or in the majestic beech forests, or on the boulevards of Copenhagen." So wrote J. P. Jacobsen, the greatest colorist in Danish literature, and, except for occasional trips to the south, his short life was spent in Denmark, which to him had a charm surpassing even Italy. To Thisted, his native town, on the northwest coast of Jutland, he returned again and again, to enjoy the beach and the old-fashioned flowers in his mother's garden, and to write many of his stories. Though he realized the lack of companionship in a little provincial town of four thousand people, where "no one ever had an idea or ever heard of any one who had an idea," yet he revelled in its perfect calm. In a letter to Edvard Brandes, he pictured himself as a creature made to be lazy, for he enjoyed nothing better than leaning for three or four hours at a time over a bridge, smoking one cigar after the other, letting the ashes fall on the water, and watching the rings they made.

Born on April 7, 1847, Jens Peter Jacobsen passed the first sixteen years of his life in Thisted with his parents, and in that time a strong bond of sympathy was formed between him and his mother. With her lively disposition, her intelligence, and her fondness for writing verse, she found in the companionship of her favorite child that which she had missed in her husband, who was a practical man engrossed in his work. The months Jens Peter passed in the preparatory school of the Dahl brothers in Copenhagen were by no means dedicated entirely to books. On the contrary, many hours were spent in wandering about the fields and woods, botanizing, fishing, and writing verse. He loved to lie in the grass and listen to the singing of the birds and the rustling of the wind. It was no wonder that he failed in his examinations and did not enter the University until his twenty-first year.

In Copenhagen no one suspected that the tall, blond, shy young man, who pursued botanical studies, translated Darwin, and attended Georg Brandes' lectures on "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature" was to revolutionize the literature of his country. Let us close our eyes for a moment to the light of realism now so familiar to us all, and conjure up the gold and purple mists of romanticism from which Brandes, Jacobsen, Skram, Schandorph,

and others have led us. The great names of Steffens, Oehlenschläger, Heiberg, Paludan-Müller, Grundtvig, Ingemann, Kirkegaard, and Andersen recall heroic sagas of ancient Denmark, beautiful legends from the history of bygone days, gentle sermons, and delightful fairy-tales. This was Danish literature before the days of realism. Then came 1864, and after it Denmark awoke as from a dream, demanding truth, facts, and hard, cold reality. The ideals of personal liberty and progress in all domains, political, religious, and literary, then being preached in other countries by such prophets as Mill, Darwin, Zola, Heyse, Tolstoi, Strindberg, and Ibsen, penetrated to Denmark and had, in Georg Brandes, their greatest interpreter. In 1871, he spoke these brave words: "I regard it as a duty and an honor to protect those principles with which I have affiliated myself, the unlimited right of research, and the eventual triumph of free thought."

Such were the forces that were stirring in Denmark when J. P. Jacobsen made his appearance. The new time had not yet produced its great creative artist, and Brandes wrote to Edmund Gosse complaining that his country had no good prose writers, except, he added, a certain young man, J. P. Jacobsen, "the only one who shows a promise of anything first rate. He is a botanist and a Darwinist—but this manuscript really has a style that is amazing; there has been nothing like it in Danish before." His individual touch was evident in the poems he brought Brandes as early as 1869, all of which had an entirely original form. This botanist was soon to discover that his real work lay in the field of literature and not in that of science.

At twenty-five, Jacobsen published the novelette, *Mogens*, in *Nyt Dansk Maanedsskrift*. Its appearance created nothing less than a sensation in Danish literary circles. It is like a mosaic of unusual vibrating moods of nature and human emotion—longing, happiness, beauty, despair, death. The hero is a young man of twenty or a little over, with no profession, no ties, and no cares, a type that appealed to the author and, in fact, embodied many of his own qualities. He is a dreamer who spends his days drifting about on the sound, a poet by nature though unschooled, and withal very human and lovable.

In the opening pages of *Mogens* we find a description of a rain-storm which is one of the most famous examples of Jacobsen's characteristic style. "It was oppressively hot; the air shimmered with heat, though it was quite still. The leaves were hanging from the trees as if asleep. Nothing moved except the lady-bugs on the nettle and a few withered leaves that lay on the grass and rolled themselves up with sudden little jerks as if writhing under the rays of the sun. The boy lay under the oak, gasping for air, and looked

wistfully, helplessly up to the sky. He hummed a little, then gave it up, whistled, and gave that up, too, turned, and let his eyes rest on the old mole-hill which had become gray with the drought. Suddenly a small, round, dark spot appeared on the light-gray earth—then another, then three, four, a great many, yet more, until the hill was all dark gray. The air was nothing but long, dark stripes, the leaves nodded and swayed, there came a soughing that grew to a seething: the water streamed down. Everything glistened, glittered, bubbled; every little drop that fell on earth, grass, or fence was shivered into a thousand tiny pearls."

Another characteristic bit is the scene between Kamilla and Mogens. "Tell me—no! I want to tell you something myself. Here is the table, and there is the hedge; if you won't be my bride, I'll jump with the basket over the hedge, and then I'm gone. One!"

"Kamilla glanced shyly at him and noticed that the smile had vanished from his face. 'Two!' He was quite pale with emotion. 'Yes,' she whispered, and, dropping the corners of her apron so that the apples rolled in all directions, she ran.

"But she could not run away from Mogens. 'Three!' she said, as he reached her, but he kissed her nevertheless."

While botanizing in Ordrup marsh, in 1872, Jacobsen sowed the seeds of consumption, and the later years of his life were a conflict between ill health and literary work. Yet we find no trace of illness in the brilliant pictures of seventeenth century life in his next novel, *Marie Grubbe*. The scene is laid in the period of war between Sweden and Denmark, and the heroine is a historical person. She is mentioned by Holberg in his Epistles and has also been the subject of artistic treatment by Steen Steensen Blicher in *The Diary of a Village Clerk*, and by Hans Christian Andersen in his *Goose Girl*, though none of these can compare with Jacobsen either for the delineation of *Marie Grubbe's* character or for seventeenth century coloring.

While at work on this novel, the author became so ill that he had to break off and go to Montreux for some months; after that he returned to Thisted, to his mother's care, and in her garden he painfully composed line after line and page after page of *Marie Grubbe*. He had previously spent long hours in the Royal Library in Copenhagen, reading documents and letters of the late Renaissance relating to murders, divorces, christenings, gardening, and the siege of Copenhagen. The study amply repaid him, for thereby he was able to create the historical atmosphere in which this beautiful girl was to live for us—this incurable romanticist who begins life as the wife of a king's son and, disappointed in him, seeks ever farther for her ideal, sinking lower and lower in the social scale, until she ends as the wife of a ferryman.

Jacobsen's next novel, *Niels Lyhne*, is perhaps the one most popular with the general public on account of its marked Danish types. It roused great interest in literary circles in Copenhagen, and Ibsen said of it that he had needed four weeks to read it, that he spoke of it every day, and often read it aloud to his evening circle. He regarded it as an exquisite work, the most remarkable of its kind that the age had produced. *Niels Lyhne* is a dreamy Hamlet nature, always longing to accomplish great things, but when it comes to the point of carrying out his ideals, held back by his weak and vacillating will. An atheist and a writer of bad lyrics, he idles away his life, though reality gives him some hard knocks. He prays for the first and last time in his life at the death-bed of his child and afterwards reproaches himself for having done so. There may be something in the climate and the long winter evenings of Denmark that produces such types as Mogens and Niels, men with no firm grasp on life. Their kind certainly exists in the North, but we know it to be exceptional.

In the women of *Niels Lyhne* many have found its chief attraction. They are of a generation but little removed from ours and have the individuality of modern women without even the moderate amount of emancipation that we find in Denmark to-day. We see them in their homes, embroidering, reading, or painting. There is Edele, secretly in love with a great artist to whom she was but a name, and there is Fennimore with her infidelity and remorse, and the audacious Fru Boye, who reveals her real conventionality in the famous parting scene with Niels. Surely no one ever solved the deepest riddles of a woman's soul from the mere quiet swaying of a rocking-chair, as Jacobsen does in this felicitous scene, or ever portrayed human agony as he does in the merest quiver of an eyelash. Yet this artist who understood women so well was never known to have a love affair. He once hinted that he would renounce the joy of beginning such an episode rather than face the gray, monotonous ending with its hours of depression. Though he yearned for life, he shrank from experience, but his sensitive nature enabled him to gather rich and wonderful impressions, which he poetized, sharpened, and refined in his books.

After the publication of *Niels Lyhne*, Jacobsen lived only four years, during which time he completed several short stories: *Two Worlds*, *The Plague at Bergamo*, *There Should Have Been Roses*, and *Fru Fönss*, all of which have been published, together with *Mogens* and *A Shot in the Mist*, in a small German edition. He enjoyed the society of his friends in Copenhagen, especially Edvard and Georg Brandes and the Kielland family, in whose home he would lie on the sofa, telling the children stories from *A Thousand and One Nights*. They called him "His Excellency" because of his deli-

cate and aristocratic appearance. But the last months of his life Jacobsen spent at Thisted with his mother and among his flowers, playing the gardener, calling the flowers by their botanical names, and loving them as if they were little human creatures. There he died, all too soon, on April 30, 1885.

He bequeathed to Denmark the most wonderful prose of his age, a language inspired in part by that of Hans Christian Andersen, but new in the subtlety of its art. Another factor in his profound influence upon the younger generation of writers was his original manner of describing nature. Perhaps it was his scientific mind that taught him an exactness and an intimate understanding, new, not only in Denmark, but in the literature of the world. Yet the novelty lay not only in his accuracy with regard to form and color—for Jacobsen painted as a luminist with a full brush—but in the introduction of the psychological element. Every tree, flower, and shrub had its own life, not a life as in Andersen's fairy-tales, but an existence that only flowers, shrubs, and trees can lead. Thereby a depth was gained in the description of nature. Some one has called Jacobsen a mystic, for everything that exists is spiritualized for him by a pervading note of music. When he pictures wild ducks flying over a pond, there is more than the noiseless flight of wild birds; when he paints red banks of fog the scene to him means more than the eye can see.

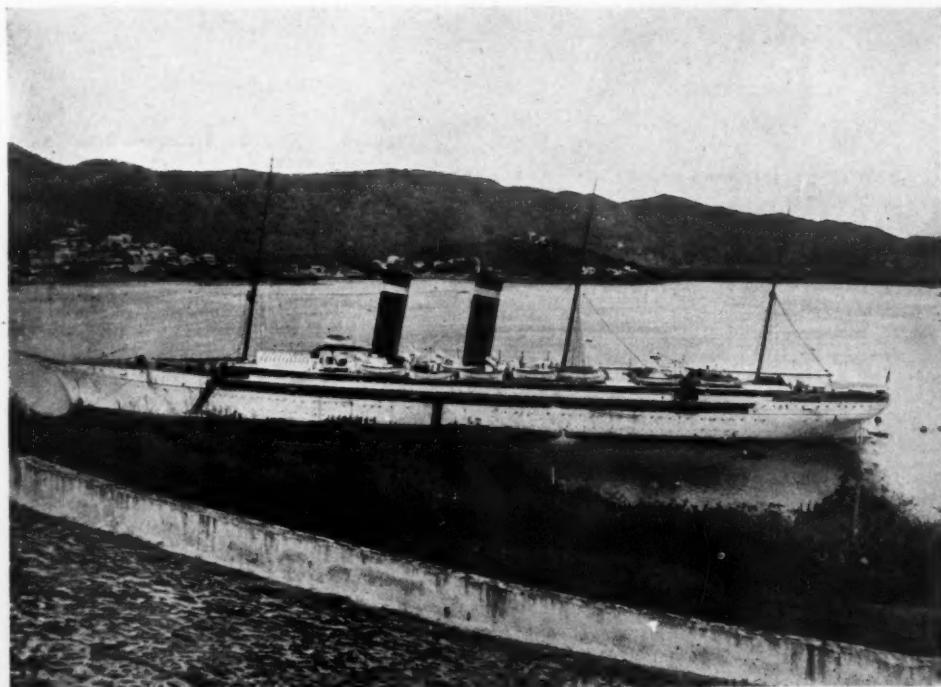
He created a school in Denmark, and there have been some who, in their anxiety to be like him, have lost sight of the most important article in his creed, that of developing personality. Some have failed to be themselves, yet some have succeeded and have carried the method of his art out into new fields. However much they may differ among themselves, his followers all have two points in common: a tendency to portray suffering and a language built upon that of Jacobsen, a language which is poetry and painting combined and is capable of unending modulations.

The Danes in the Virgin Islands

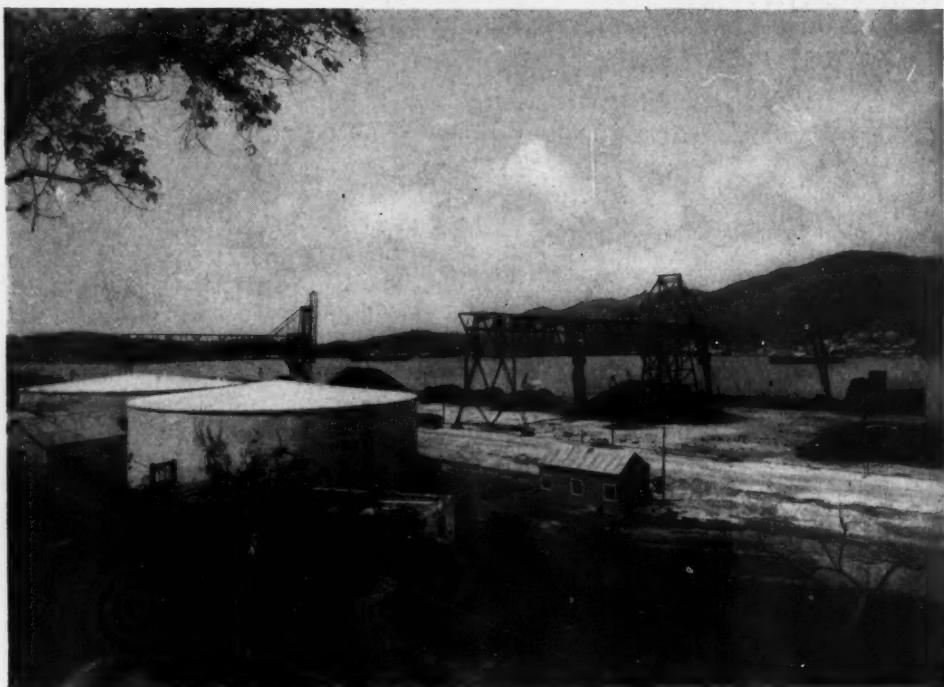
FROM THEIR COLONIZATION TILL THEIR PURCHASE BY THE UNITED STATES, ST. THOMAS, ST. JOHN, AND ST. CROIX REMAINED DANISH, WITH TWO BRIEF INTERRUPTIONS, WHEN THEY WERE SEIZED BY ENGLAND COINCIDENT WITH THE TWO BOMBARDMENTS OF COPENHAGEN. THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY SAW THE CULTIVATION AND ABANDONMENT OF THEIR SUGAR AND COTTON PLANTATIONS; THE NINETEENTH THEIR RISE AND FALL AS A SHIPPING CENTER. THE TWENTIETH HAS WITNESSED THE BEGINNING OF ACTIVITIES THAT MAKE THE PRICE DEMANDED BY DENMARK REASONABLE ENOUGH. "THE DANISH WEST INDIES," A PLANTATION SOCIETY, HAS BROUGHT THE COTTON CULTURE OF THE LARGEST AND MOST FERTILE OF THE ISLANDS, ST. CROIX, UP TO A HIGHER POINT THAN EVER BEFORE. THE EAST INDIA COMPANY IS ONE OF EIGHT INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP LINES THAT CALL AT ST. THOMAS, AND ENLARGED DOCKING FACILITIES HAVE BEEN PROVIDED FOR THEM THROUGH THE EFFORTS OF A SYNDICATE OF PATRIOTIC DANES.

ST. JOHN ALONE REMAINS UNTouched BY MODERN PROGRESS, WITH NO ROADS, NO PLANTATIONS, AND ONLY ONE WHITE INHABITANT. THERE MAY BE FOUND THE CURIOUS MARKS ON THE "CARIB ROCKS," SEEN IN THE PICTURE BELOW, THE ONLY SIGNS NOW REMAINING OF THE PEOPLE THAT LIVED THERE WHEN COLUMBUS NAMED THE ISLANDS.





DOCKS OF THE EAST ASIATIC COMPANY AT ST. THOMAS



COALING WHARF OF THE WEST INDIA COMPANY



THE NINE HUNDRED NEGROES IN ST. JOHN LIVE CHIEFLY BY GATHERING BAY LEAVES. THE PICKERS ARE USUALLY CHILDREN, WHO CLIMB THE TREES AND THROW THE LEAVES DOWN TO WOMEN BELOW TO BE GATHERED INTO BAGS. A BAG OF SEVENTY POUNDS BRINGS EIGHT CENTS. THE LEAVES GROW QUICKLY, AND THE TREE CAN BE STRIPPED EVERY FOUR MONTHS.

ONLY TWO PER CENT. OF THE NATIVES CANNOT READ AND WRITE. THE DANISH METHODS OF INSTRUCTION WILL BE CONTINUED, THOUGH WITH AMERICAN SCHOOL BOOKS. THE CHILDREN WERE FORMERLY TAUGHT IN ENGLISH, LEARNING DANISH AS A SEPARATE STUDY. THE RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION, CONDUCTED ACCORDING TO THE MORAVIAN FAITH, WILL BE DROPPED.

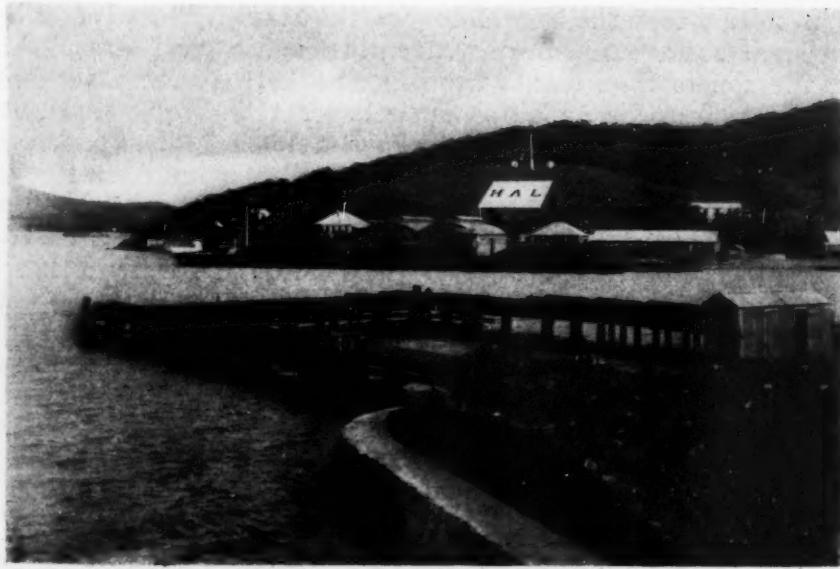
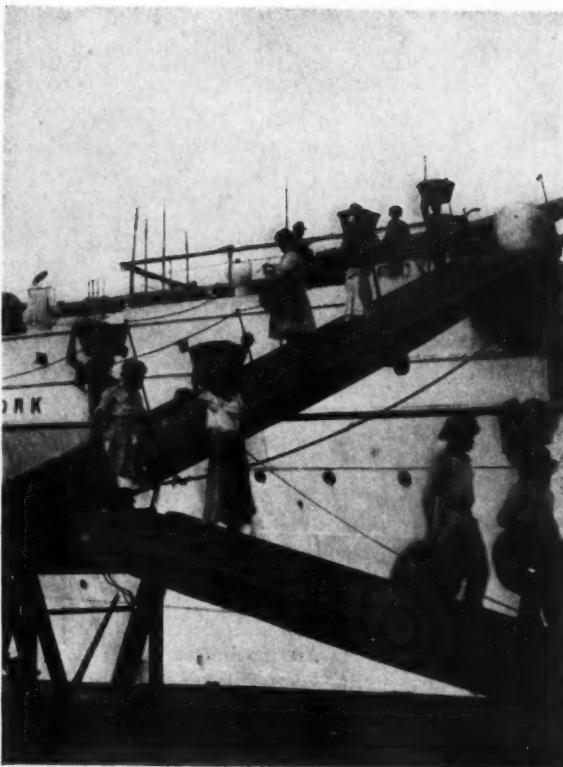


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BEFORE THE WAR, THE COLORED PEOPLE OF CHARLOTTE AMALIE ON ST. THOMAS MADE A DOLLAR A DAY COALING SHIPS, BUT AT PRESENT THERE ARE FEW STEAMERS CALLING, AND THE PEONS HAVE DIFFICULTY IN EARNING A LIVING. THE TIME IS OPPORTUNE TO ENLIST THEM AGAIN IN THE SERVICE OF AGRICULTURE, WHICH THEY HAVE ABANDONED.

THE HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE MADE ST. THOMAS ITS HEADQUARTERS FOR THE WEST INDIES, AND GERMAN EYES TURNED NATURALLY TOWARD PLANS FOR ACQUIRING A FIRMER FOOTHOLD IN THE ISLAND, NOW ACQUIRED BY UNCLE SAM. THE WHARF OF THE LINE IS SEEN BELOW.





CHARLOTTE AMALIE NAMED IN HONOR OF THE QUEEN OF CHRISTIAN V

When Sugar Was King*

THOSE who believe that foreign-born citizens can help to broaden the American intellectual horizon will be gratified in noting that the first history of the Danish West Indies based on original sources has been written in English by a Danish-American, the son of immigrants from Denmark to North Dakota, and himself a professor in a Californian college. Dr. Westergaard began his researches with an appraisal of some West Indian papers that had been acquired by the University of California, and he afterwards went to Denmark, where the archives yielded a wealth of material. The present work treats of the eighty-four years when a chartered company ruled the islands. It will be followed by two other volumes bringing their history down to the present time. It presents much valuable material for the student and at the same time gives the lay reader a fascinating view of a time when buccaneers roved in the West Indies, when Christian kings financed slave ships and sent missionaries to convert the victims, and when piracy was a gentlemanly profession.

*The Danish West Indies Under Company Rule (1671-1754). With a Supplementary Chapter, 1755-1917. By Waldemar Westergaard, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of History at Pomona College. With an introduction by H. Morse Stephens, M.A., Litt. D. Maps and Illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917, xxiv and 349 pp. Price \$2.50.

In those days the West Indies were regarded as so valuable that, as Professor Morse reminds us in his introduction, it was a matter for serious consideration, at the Treaty of Paris, in 1763, whether England should not let France keep Canada and take instead one of the French West Indies. Sugar and slaves held a place in the world's commerce that we now can scarcely realize. There was a scramble among the European nations for "spheres of influence" in Asia, America, and Africa, and the great wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were fought with as much intensity among the West Indies as along the borders of the countries involved. African slaves were "the chief agency that furnished the wealth, for the control of which European nations were willing to throw down the gage of conflict and usher in titanic wars," writes Dr. Westergaard. "In fact, no small part of the resources which were dissolved in the smoke of eighteenth century European battlefields were extracted from the fertile West Indian plantations of cotton and cane by the sweat of the negro's brow."

Denmark-Norway, with her large merchant fleet and her commanding position on the Sound, was quite capable of taking an "honorable" part in the race for colonial wealth, so much so indeed that Prussia made her first attempt to get "a place in the sun" under the patronage of Denmark. The Danish West India Company was formed in 1671, after some sporadic trading in the new world, and some years after the formation of an African company for slave trade on the Guinea coast. The new company received its charter from the hand of King Christian V, authorizing it to take possession of the island of St. Thomas "and also such other islands thereabouts or near the mainland of America as might be uninhabited and suitable for plantations, or if inhabited then by such people as have no knowledge of us (Indians)." Dr. Westergaard notes that this was but a year after the formation of the Hudson Bay Company, which is the only one of the great seventeenth century chartered companies that exists to this day. Both had power to build forts, hire soldiers, and administer justice, and had a monopoly of trade and prizes within their domain.

It was a curious crowd that set out on the first ship of the West India Company, the *Ferö*, to lay the foundations of a new Denmark. A paragraph in the charter provided that the company might take as many of the criminals condemned to work in irons as it could use and also as many women under arrest for disorderly lives as it wanted. Sixty-one convicts were on the ship, besides one hundred and sixteen indentured servants and workmen, and twelve members of the crew. Before their arrival at St. Thomas, on May 25, 1672, their number had been depleted by eighty-six persons; some of these had run away in Bergen, and the rest had died on the

voyage. The Danish flag was hoisted, but it would be a mistake to suppose that the colonists were chiefly Danes. The Dutch predominated, and Dutch became the prevailing language from the first, but there were also French, English, Germans, and Jews among them.

The first governor, George (Jørgen) Iversen, had his hands full. The convicts were poor stuff to make pioneers of, and he complained bitterly of these "lazy, shiftless louts who were no use at home." Some of the ships that were to bring people and supplies had an even greater toll of deaths than the *Ferö*. The white colonists died faster than they could be imported, and the few who returned with home bound ships reported conditions "worse than serving in the Barbary." The colony, of course, paid no dividends to the company, but, on the contrary, the stockholders had to be assessed heavily. At this juncture, Christian V came to the rescue. He and other members of the royal family had headed the list of subscribers, and he now personally aided in fitting out a slave ship to go to the Guinea coast and bring a human cargo to eke out the labor supply on the cotton and sugar plantations of the West Indies. Moreover, he forced all government employees to take stock in the company.

Although St. Thomas had been unoccupied, both the British and the French protested against its seizure by the Danes. The situation was the more difficult, since it lay in the "twilight zone" between the British and Spanish possessions, and the British were at the time engaged in suppressing privateering, while the Spaniards were upholding it. The Danish island soon became a convenient place of refuge for buccaneers. Nicholas Esmit, who was appointed governor after the harassed Iversen resigned, has left us a quaint account of a buccaneer, whom Westergaard identifies as the famous Captain Bartholomew Sharp, afterwards tried for piracy in London. After two years of robbing in the South Sea (the Pacific) and an adventurous journey around the Horn, he came into the harbor of St. Thomas to careen his ship, and received all aid and comfort from the Danish governor, who deemed it wise "to avoid any un-friendliness with sea-robbers."

The British governor of the Leeward Islands, Sir William Stapleton, would not countenance any such intimacy with pirates, however, and soon found occasion for a sharp rebuke, to which Esmit replied impudently: "I know you serve his Mayts of Engelandt whom I have had the honner to Serve as Capt: whose Commission I have also another from his Rojall Heighnis: and at present I Sarve my Master the Souerin King of Dennemarck and thus I conclude."

Matters reached such a pass, at last, that the Danish govern-

ment had to intervene to save the island from being seized by the British, and at one time no less than three governors—Nicholas Esmit, his brother Adolph, and Gabriel Milan, a Portuguese Jew, who succeeded them—were in Copenhagen awaiting trial for their misdeeds.

An interesting chapter of history, told for the first time by Dr. Westergaard, is the account of the earliest colonizing attempt of the Hohenzollerns. When the Great Elector saw his neighbors acquiring oversea lands, he said to himself: "So ein Ding müssen wir auch haben," but Brandenburg-Prussia was yet small and weak and shut in from the sea. Through the activity of a Dutchman, Benjamin Raule, a former privateer, whom the Great Elector had made director-in-chief of naval affairs, a colony was established on the Guinea coast. The question then was how to get a West Indian market for the slaves that were to be the principal export from the African possessions. Raule turned his eyes to Denmark-Norway, and after much wire-pulling, including "payments of gifts" to persons in high places, he succeeded, in 1685, in getting a treaty with Christian V.

The Brandenburgers were to have the privilege of establishing a plantation and negro colony on St. Thomas in return for the payment of certain fees and taxes. The Danes soon found, however, that they had merely raised up a powerful trade rival in their midst, while the steady income they had hoped to derive from the concession was not forthcoming. Moreover, the Brandenburgers endangered the peace of the colony by their unscrupulous dealings with privateers.

The accession of the vigorous and able John Lorentz to the governorship, in 1694, marked the beginning of the end of Brandenburg influence in the West Indies. He put strict limits on their trade with the Danish planters and forbade them to bring prizes or privateers into the harbor of St. Thomas. Once when, according to his estimate, the Brandenburgers owed 20,000 rix-dollars and 46 styvers in taxes, he confiscated the sugar and cotton in their warehouses. Though afterwards obliged to return the goods, he soothed himself by charging them such an enormous rental, in lieu of the taxes he did not receive, that the Brandenburgers grew disgusted with their enterprise, which was exactly what he wanted. The colony languished and finally was abandoned, in 1718. From that time on, the oversea ambitions of Prussia slumbered until the latter part of the nineteenth century, when the schemes of the Great Elector and Raule were revived by William II and Bismarck.

An interesting episode occurred during the governorship of Lorentz, when the colony had a visit from no less famous a privateer than the redoubtable Captain Kidd himself. Lorentz was not

caught napping. He cuttingly informed the visitor that he would be allowed to enter the harbor "if he could produce proof in writing that he was an honest man," but evidently the proof was not available, for Kidd departed meekly. Afterwards he sent a personal envoy, an Irish trader named William Burke, who offered Lorentz a large profit if he would co-operate with the privateers. The governor curtly refused to do anything that would give the colony a bad name, but the Brandenburg factor was less scrupulous; for that very night some of the "treasure" of Captain Kidd was quietly landed in the Brandenburg warehouse. Not so quietly, however, but that Lorentz got wind of it. He seized a part of the treasure, besides fining the factor heavily. He was himself in an anomalous position, but he somehow managed to extricate himself and not only prove his innocence of collusion before the British government, but even to vindicate his right to keep the treasure.

Dr. Westergaard treats with much detail the slave trade, upon which the economic and social structure of the colony was built. He thinks that the slaves were not wantonly ill-used, since they were too valuable economically, but they sometimes suffered very much from starvation when the food crops failed. This was the cause of the slave insurrection on St. John, 1733-1734, the gruesome tale of which has been told so often that it need not be repeated here. The island had been taken possession of by Governor Erik Bredal, in 1716, and owned, at the time of the insurrection, one hundred and nine plantations. About one-half of these were destroyed, and it is estimated that one-fourth of the white population must have been killed.

The damage was sufficient to shift the economic centre of the colonies from St. John to the fertile island of St. Croix, which was acquired by purchase from the French in 1734. The company was reorganized with a new charter, putting the emphasis on the sugar monopoly and practically giving up the slave trade. The hopes of the stockholders rose high, but they were again destined to be disappointed. Finally, in 1754, King Frederick V took direct control of the islands, and so ended the turbulent rule of the West India Company. Its trade was thrown open to all subjects of the king, whether in Denmark-Norway, the duchies, or the West Indies. This included the right to bring slaves from the Guinea coast and sell them in the Danish colonies, though it may be noted in this connection that the slave trade was forbidden in an edict issued by Christian VII, on March 16, 1792, and Denmark thus became the first state to prohibit its subjects by law from taking part in the African slave trade.

One Good Turn Deserves Another

This editorial appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, May 28, 1864, when both Denmark and the United States were at war

A FRIENDLY ACT OF DENMARK

"During the absorbing interest in the domestic events of the last two or three weeks, a sign of friendly regard from Denmark to this country may have been overlooked. Struggling like ourselves for national existence, and attacked by Austria and Prussia because of her declared policy of a free constitutional government, the ancient and valiant little Denmark, at the request of our Government, has permitted the Bremen and Hamburg steamers plying to New York to pass free of seizure by her cruisers, although they are the ships and the ports of an enemy. This is a most unusual act of amity, and is done by Denmark, as her government expressly states, from her friendly feeling for this country. Nor is it likely to be soon forgotten."

"The exigency of our own affairs has prevented that general attention to the Danish question, and clear apprehension of it, which in a time of peace it would certainly have received from us. But it is enough to determine our sympathies to know that liberal Denmark is attacked by reactionary and despotic Austria and Prussia. The cry of 'nationality' is one by which the absolutist rulers of Germany lead the German people to a war upon free institutions, and we have now the melancholy and absurd spectacle of liberal Germans cheering an Austro-Prussian army in destroying the hope of a constitutional government upon the Continent. Doubly cordial, therefore, is the grasp of the hand of friendship which Denmark stretches to us out of her cloud of war. Her fate is almost sure. The impending extinction of that old kingdom can hardly be averted. But, in some form, the spirit of Danish constitutionalism will survive and be felt in European affairs. Meanwhile the people of the United States will remember, with a gratitude which may one day be serviceable, an act so friendly in the midst of their great struggle."

Some Cartoons by Cesare

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THEIR ALLOWANCE



"RISE, I DUB THEE PATRIOT"



UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE—



BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE NORTH SEA

The Plague at Bergamo

From the Danish By J. P. JACOBSEN

OLD Bergamo nestled on the summit of a little mountain, hedged around with walls and gates, and New Bergamo nestled at the foot of the mountain, open to the four winds of heaven.

One day the plague broke out down in the new town and spread frightfully; a great many people died, and the others fled across the plains to the four corners of the world. The citizens of Old Bergamo set fire to the forsaken town in order to purify the air, but it did no good; people began to die up there, too, at first one a day, then five, then ten, and finally twenty, and very many more as the plague reached its climax.

They could not flee as the inhabitants of the new town had done. There were a few who tried it, but they led the life of hunted animals, hiding in ditches and in underground channels, under hedges and in green fields; for the first refugees from the plague had carried it with them into the homes of the peasants, and now the latter stoned any stranger they met, hunted him off their land, or felled him to the ground, like a mad dog, without mercy or pity; for they thought it justifiable self-defence.

The people in Old Bergamo, therefore, were obliged to remain where they were, and day by day it grew hotter, and day by day the horrible disease clutched the town more fiercely. Fear grew to madness, and it seemed as if the earth had swallowed up what little order and good government there had once been, and brought forth evil instead.

When the plague first broke out, the people worked together in unity and concord; they took care that the bodies were decently buried, and saw to it that great bonfires were lighted every day on the market-places and squares in order that the wholesome smoke might blow through the streets. Juniper and vinegar were provided for the poor, and, above everything else, the people gathered early and late in the churches. Alone and in processions, they carried their prayers to God, and every evening, when the sun sank to rest, the bells of all churches called mournfully to heaven from a hundred swinging throats. Fasts were ordered, and the holy relics were shown each day on the altars.

Finally, one day, when they did not know what else to do, they proclaimed from the balcony of the town hall, amid the sound of trumpets and trombones, that the Holy Virgin should be the *podesta* or ruler of their town henceforth and in all eternity.

But it did no good, nothing did any good. When the people

perceived this, and became gradually convinced that heaven could not or would not help, they did not simply fold their hands in their laps and say: "We are prepared for the worst." No, it seemed as if sin had developed from a secret, imperceptible disease into a horrible visible and raging plague, which worked hand in hand with the physical pestilence, and endeavored to murder the soul, as the other destroyed the body. Their proceedings were so incredible, their wickedness so immense! The air was filled with blasphemy and ungodliness, with the groans of gluttons and the howling of drunkards, and the wildest night never covered more debauchery than was displayed there in broad daylight.

"Let us eat to-day, for to-morrow we die!" It seemed as if they had set these words to music, which was played by many different instruments in a ceaseless, hellish concert. Ay, if every possible sin had not already been discovered, they would surely have unearthed it now, for there was no path which they, in their worthlessness, were not ready to follow. The most unnatural vices flourished among them, and even the rare sins of necromancy, magic, and exorcism were well known to them; for there were many who expected from the powers in hell the protection Heaven had not vouchsafed them.

Anything approaching compassion or readiness to help one another disappeared from their characters; each thought only of himself. A sick man was considered a common foe, and if some unfortunate happened to fall in the street, exhausted with the first feverish dizziness of the plague, no door was opened to him—no, they pricked him with their spears and threw stones at him, forcing him to crawl out of the way of those who were still sound.

Day by day the plague increased. The summer sun blazed down on the town; no drop of rain fell; no breath of wind stirred. The corpses rotting in the houses and the corpses carelessly buried bred a stench, which permeated the motionless atmosphere of the streets and attracted swarms and clouds of ravens and crows, until the walls and roofs were black with them. Round about on the outside wall of the town there perched marvellous, large, foreign birds from far away, with beaks eager for spoil and claws expectantly crooked; there they sat and looked down with their calm, greedy eyes, as if waiting for the whole unfortunate town to be turned into one single carrion-pit.

Eleven weeks had passed since the outbreak of the plague, when the guards in the tower and others who were standing in high places saw a strange procession cross the plains and turn into the streets of the new town, passing between the stones discolored by smoke and the black heaps of ashes. A crowd of people! At least six hundred men and women, old and young, carrying great black

crosses and broad red banners which floated like fire and blood over their heads. They sang as they marched forward, and the mournful tones of utter despair rose through the still, sultry air.

Brown, gray, and black are their costumes, but they all have a red mark on their breasts. As they come nearer, it is seen to be a cross; for they are coming nearer. They press forward, up the steep path, walled on either side, which leads to the old town. It seems like a sea of white faces. They carry scourges in their hands. On their red flags a rain of fire is pictured, and among the fires the black crosses sway from side to side.

From the dense crowd there rises a smell of sweat, ashes, dust of highway, and old incense. They no longer sing, neither do they speak—nothing is heard but the tripping, pattering sound of their bare feet.

Face after face disappears in the shadow of the town gate, and emerges into the light on the other side with a dazed, tired expression and half-closed eyelids.

Then the song begins again—it is a Miserere. They grasp their scourges more tightly and step out more boldly, as if it were a war song. They seem to have come from a famished town, for their cheeks are hollow, their bones stand out, their lips are bloodless, and dark rings are under their eyes.

The inhabitants of Bergamo crowd around watching them with amazement and anxiety. Red and gluttonous faces contrast with pale countenances; sluggish glances exhausted by debauchery fall under the gaze of piercing, flaming eyes; mocking blasphemers stand arrested, open-mouthed at the sound of hymns.

All the scourges are stained with blood!

This procession made a strange impression on the townspeople, but it was not long before they shook themselves free of its influence. Some of them recognized a half-crazy shoemaker of Brescia among the crusaders, and immediately the whole troop became a laughing-stock. Anyway, it was something new, a distraction from the life of every day, and, because the strangers walked towards the cathedral, the people followed behind, just as they would have followed a band of jugglers or a tame bear.

As they pressed on, however, they grew angry. They felt sobered by the solemnity of these people, and understood very well that these shoemakers and tailors had come to convert them, to pray for them, and to speak words which they had no inclination to hear. Among the townspeople were two lean, gray-haired philosophers, who had made ungodliness a system; these two, out of the evil of their hearts, excited the passions of the mob, and as they neared the church, their behaviour grew more threatening at every step, their bursts of temper wilder. There was but little more

needed to make them lay violent hands on these uninvited flagellants. But, when they were within a few yards of the church, the doors of a tavern were thrown open, and a whole troop of carousers tumbled out, one over the other. They placed themselves at the head of the procession and led the way forward, singing and bellowing, with jeers and mocking gestures—that is, all except one, who turned a somersault on the moss-grown steps of the church.

This created a pleasant diversion, so they all entered peacefully into the sanctuary.

It was indeed strange to be there again, to walk through the great cool church in an atmosphere where the odor of snuffed wax candles was still distinctly perceptible, to walk over the old sunken stones of the pavement, where the half-erased ornaments and bright shining inscriptions had often occupied their thoughts. And, while their half-curious and half-unwilling gaze sought rest in the gentle twilight under the vaulted roof, or fell on the subdued gleam of dusty gold and smoke-stained colors, or was lost in the shadows around the altar, there rose in their hearts a longing which could not be suppressed.

In the meantime, the drunkards from the tavern continued their noise and misconduct, even in front of the great altar, and one of them, a large and broad-shouldered butcher, took off his white apron and tied it around his neck, so that it hung down over his back like a surplice, and then, with the wildest words, full of wickedness and blasphemy, he conducted mass. An old, fat, little fellow, nimble and quick on his feet in spite of his flesh, with a face like a peeled gourd, was the priest's clerk, and made the responses in the most immoral manner imaginable; he kneeled down and courtsied, turning his back to the altar, rang the bell as he would have rung a jester's bell, and made wheels with the censer, while the other drunkards lay stretched full length on the steps, roaring with laughter and hiccupping with drink.

Then the whole assembly laughed and mocked the strangers, calling on them to pay good attention and see if they could discover what the people of Bergamo thought of their God. For it was not so much because they wished to insult God that they made fun of the procession, but rather because they took pleasure in thinking that each blasphemous word must be a thorn in the hearts of these saints.

The saints kept together in the middle of the nave and groaned aloud with pain. Their hearts seethed with hate and thirst for revenge; they prayed God with eyes and hands raised to avenge Himself for all this mockery offered Him here in His own house. They would be willing—nay glad—to be destroyed with these audacious creatures, if He would but show His power. They would

joyfully permit themselves to be crushed under His feet, if He would but triumph and cause horror, despair, and a too-late repentance to shriek from all these ungodly lips.

They began a Miserere, every note of which sounded like an echo of that rain of sulphur which overwhelmed Sodom, like an echo of the strength Samson possessed when he tore down the pillars in the house of the Philistines. They prayed with songs and words; they bared their shoulders and prayed with their scourges. They knelt in rows one behind the other, uncovered to their waists, and flung the barbed and knotted ropes on bleeding backs. In rage and frenzy they beat themselves, until the blood flew from the stinging whips. Every blow was a sacrifice to God. If they could only beat harder, if they could only tear themselves into a thousand bloody shreds here in His sight! Their bodies, which had sinned against His commandments, should be punished, martyred, and annihilated, so that He might see how they hated them, so that He might see how they became dogs to please Him—less than dogs beneath His will—the lowest worms, eating the dust under His feet! And blow followed blow, until their arms dropped at their sides, or they fell writhing in convulsions. They lay there, row upon row of them, all with frenzied, sparkling eyes, with foam on their lips and blood dropping from their flesh.

Those who looked on suddenly felt their hearts beat and their cheeks burn while they breathed heavily. It seemed as if something cold had been drawn tightly around their heads, and their knees became weak. For this they understood; in their brains there was a tiny spot of frenzy which responded to this frenzy.

To feel oneself the slave of a powerful and harsh God, to fling oneself at His feet, to belong to Him utterly, not in quiet piety or in the inactivity of silent prayer, but in madness and in the intoxication of self-abasement, in blood and wailing, with scourges wet with blood—this they could understand. Even the butcher became silent, and the toothless philosophers bowed their gray heads to avoid those piercing eyes.

Finally the church grew still; nothing was heard but the surging of the crowd. Then one of the strangers, a young monk, rose and spoke. He was white as a shroud; his black eyes glowed like dying coals, and the lines about his mouth, sombre and hardened by pain, seemed like a carving in wood rather than the features of a human face.

He raised his thin, sickly hands to heaven in prayer, and the sleeves of his black robe slipped down from his lean, white arms.

Then he spoke.

He spoke of hell, of its being eternal, as heaven is eternal, of the solitary world of torture which every one of the damned must

suffer and must fill with his shrieking, of the seas of sulphur which are there, of fields full of scorpions, of flames that wrap themselves about one like a garment, and of quiet, hard flames that bore into one like a spear twisted around in a wound.

It was quite still. Breathless, they listened to his words; for he spoke as if he had seen it with his own eyes, as they asked one another if he were not one of the damned sent to them out of the jaws of hell to bear witness before them.

Then he preached a long time about the law and about the severity of the law—that every jot and tittle in it must be fulfilled, and that every transgression of which they were guilty would be added to their account. “But Christ died for our sins,” you say; ‘we are no longer subject to the law.’ But I say unto you that hell will not be cheated out of a single one of you, and that not one single iron tooth on the torture wheel of hell will spare your flesh. You trust in Golgotha’s cross. Come, come, come and look at it! I will lead you to His feet. It was, as you know, on a Friday that they pushed him out of their gates, and laid the heaviest end of the cross on His shoulders, and let Him carry it to a barren hill outside the town, while crowds of them went along and raised so much dust with their feet that it lay like a red cloud over the spot. They tore His clothes off and uncovered Him, as the judges order a malefactor exposed, that all may see the flesh to be delivered to torture. They laid Him on the cross and stretched Him out, and drove an iron nail through each one of his quivering hands, and a nail through His crossed feet; with clubs they hit the nails straight on their heads. They raised the cross in a hole in the ground, but it would not stand firm and straight, and they shoved it back and forth, and drove in pegs and wedges all around, and those that did it pulled down the brims of their hats so that the blood of His hands might not fall in their eyes. And from above He looked down on the soldiers who drew lots for his torn raiment, and on the whole howling multitude for whom He suffered that they might be redeemed, and in the whole multitude there was not one compassionate eye. Those below looked up at Him who hung there, suffering and exhausted. They looked at the board above His head on which ‘King of the Jews’ was written, and mocked Him and called to Him: ‘Thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save thyself. If thou be the Son of God come down from the cross.’ Then the only begotten Son of God was wroth, and saw that they were not worth redemption, the hordes that fill the earth, and He tore His feet free over the head of the nail, and He clasped His hands about the nails in His hands and pulled them out so the arms of the cross bent like a bow, and sprang to the earth, and seized His garments so the dice rolled over the brow of Golgotha,

and He threw it around Him in royal anger and ascended unto heaven. And the cross remained empty, and the great work of redemption was never fulfilled. There is no mediator between us and God; no Jesus died for us on the cross! *No Jesus died for us on the cross!*"

He was silent. As he uttered the last words, he bent forward over the crowd and seemed to hurl them at their heads. At that a wave of terror ran through the church and in the corners people began to sob.

Then the butcher pressed forward with hands raised threateningly, pale as a corpse, and shouted: "Monk, monk, nail Him again to the cross, nail Him!" Behind him, some one hissed hoarsely: "Yes, yes, crucify Him, crucify Him!" From every mouth the cry rang under the vaulted roof, threatening and commanding in a whirlwind of cries: "Crucify Him, crucify Him!"

Clear and loud came a single quivering voice: "Crucify Him!" But the monk looked down on the outstretched arms, on the distorted faces with dark openings between the shrieking lips, where the rows of teeth gleamed white as the teeth of enraged wild beasts, and in a moment of ecstasy he raised his arms to heaven and laughed. Then he stepped down. His people raised the banners with the rain of sulphur and their bare, black crosses, and crowded out of the church. Again they crossed the market-place and passed through the tower gate.

The people of Old Bergamo stared after them as they passed down the mountain. The steep path, walled on either side, was misty in the light of the sun which sank to rest beyond the plain, and the shadows of their great crosses, swaying from side to side in the crowd, were thrown, black and distinct, on the red walls of the town.

The song died in the distance. First one, then another banner, gleamed red in the smoke-stained desolation of the new town and disappeared in the sunset light of the plain.

Thingvalla

By GUDMUNDUR MAGNUSSON

THINGVALLA is, both geologically and historically, the most remarkable spot in Iceland.

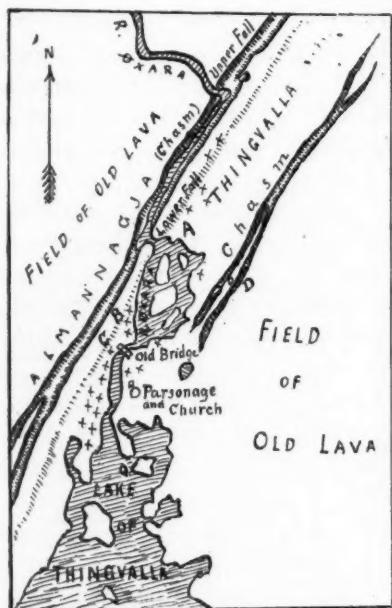
Lord Dufferin writes of it in his *Letters from High Latitudes*: "The Geysers are certainly wonderful marvels of nature, but more wonderful, more marvellous, is Thingvalla; and if one repay you for crossing the Spanish Sea, it would be worth while to go round the world to reach the other. . . . Before coming to Iceland I read every account that had been written of Thingvalla by any former traveller, and when I saw it, it appeared to me a place of which I had never heard."

These are strong words, but Thingvalla is worthy of them.

Some distance to the northeast there is an accumulation of lava masses, more than three thousand feet in height, gently sloping, and called, because of its form, *Skjald-breid* (the Broad Shield). This giant volcano was probably extinct when the country was first settled, but in prehistoric times it must have covered great stretches with lava. Apparently the crust of earth to the south has caved in with the weight, and the earth shows long, deep gashes made at the time. In this depression there is a lake with an area of about two square miles, known as the Thingvalavatn.

This strange freak of nature has been linked with the most important events in the history of Iceland and, in fact, of the Teutonic nations. To the north of the lake, where the rising ground allows deep gashes to appear above the surface of the water, in a broad valley surrounded by lava fields with a growth of brushwood, lies the renowned Thingvalla.

Towards the end of the colonizing period, two foster-brothers, Úlfhljótr and Grímr geitskör, took the initiative in establishing that central government, of which the people more and more felt the need. Úlfhljótr, who was a lawman, went to Norway in order to acquaint himself with the newest provisions of the Norwegian law, and in the



MAP OF THINGVALLA. FROM A SKETCH
BY THE AUTHOR

meantime Grímr geitskör spent three years travelling through the length and breadth of the land, seeking an appropriate spot for the Thing. He finally decided on Thingvalla as being centrally located, near the oldest settlements, and moreover a spot of unique beauty. Then Úlfþjótr returned with the law, and the Althing was established

in 930. From that time, Thingvalla was the beating heart of the Icelandic democracy.

Not long afterwards, our forefathers raised themselves a monument that will endure for all time. They lead the clear little river Öxará (the Hatchet River) from its bed near by, over the perpendicular rocky wall of the Almannagorge, forming the picturesque Upper Fall, and in order to prevent the gorge from becoming filled with water, they had to pierce the lower wall on the east to let the water rush out into the Thingvalla plain, thus forming the Lower Fall, and then running out into the lake. Everything else at Thingvalla has been changed, but the waterfalls are still there, as radiant as ever, and the edges of the



ÖXARÁ FALLS AT THINGVALLA, MADE BY HUMAN HANDS

rock are as sharp as when our forefathers put the finishing touches on their work. A thousand years is not much in the history of the earth.

For a description of the varied life at Thingvalla during saga times, I prefer to refer the reader to the sagas themselves, especially to the well-known *Story of Burnt Njal*. The Althing was not only the legislative assembly and supreme court of an aristocratic republic; it was also a popular gathering and a national festival, to which young and old flocked. The chiefs vied with one another in displaying their

wealth, and the most noted sportsmen from the whole island tried their strength. The great men brought their wives and grown daughters, and often alliances between powerful houses were made at the Althing. Wordy battles were fought by those learned in the law, and often they resorted to craft and cunning. Poetry and wit found a ready response, and under the snapping tent-roofs the foundation was laid for that saga-telling which has now become classic in the literature of the world.

The historical importance of the Althing lies in the fact that it is the one among the legislative assemblies of the Germanic peoples of which we have the clearest accounts and the one which endured longest. Similar Things were held in ancient times in Scandinavia, in Germany, and on the British Isles, but most of these gave way to other forms of government so early that the historical sense of the peoples was not yet awakened. Hence we know them only through analogies by study of the Icelandic Thing.

To form a mental picture of the Althing, we must first glance at the locality. The site dedicated to it was bounded on the west by the gigantic cleft Almannagjá, one wall of which rose high and perpendicular, while the one nearest the Thing was lower, and from its sharp edge the ground sloped rapidly down toward the plain, where the people gathered. On the south, a natural boundary was formed by the lake, and on the east by two parallel fissures partly filled with



THE ALMANNAGJÁ GORGE

water, so it was only on the north that access was free, and the limits had to be defined.

We do not know all the details of arrangement within these lines, but we know the two most important points, the Lögrjetta and the Lögberg.

The Lögrjetta (Correction of Laws) was the heart of the Althing and was placed on the plain near the Lower Fall, so that people could assemble round it in rings of increasing size. It was at once the parliament, where laws were made and altered, and the supreme court of the land. It was a very complicated institution. The active members sat in a circle on an elevation. For each active member there were two passive members, who were his counsellors, and sat, one within the circle, one without it, so that he could easily confer with them before casting his vote. In this manner there were three rings formed, one within the other. The assembly was presided over by a lawman, who was elected for one year. The space reserved for the law-makers was hedged off, and it was a punishable offense to encroach upon it. Outside of the fence, crowds of armed men would assemble to hear the judgment of the court. As a rule, the contending parties were placed one on each side of the Lögrjetta, and if there were neutral parties these were gathered within the circle. The situation was often quite threatening, and the Lögrjetta often had to act with diplomatic craft and deliberation. Serious clashes would sometimes occur, but usually the conflict was settled by intervention.

The exact location of the Lögberg has long been a point of dispute among scholars but may now be considered settled. Lögberg (the Rock of Law) was on the eastern, or lower edge of the Almanna Gorge, not far from the spot where the river breaks through and forms the Lower Fall. There the law passed at the Lögrjetta was proclaimed to all those present, so they might impress it on their minds and take it home with them. The lawman stood on the rocky ledge, with his back to the gorge, and facing the crowd below him on the slope. The spot was well chosen, for the high wall on the farther side of the gorge threw back his voice so that it could be heard over the whole plain. The later so-called Lögberg has nothing to do with the ancient Rock of Laws.

The booths or tents were scattered over the plain on both sides of the river and in the delta, but were most numerous along the river near the Lögberg and especially on the south side of it. The walls, built of sod and stone, were tented over every year, and the interior hung with tapestries. Every free man who had a place in the tent was obliged to bring with him a strip of cloth, of the usual width, and long enough to reach across the roof-tree and down to the ground on either side.

In the year 1000, Christianity was accepted at the Althing. In the same year, the first mass was sung, and a cross raised on the eastern wall of the Almanna Gorge near the Lögberg. Later a church was built east of the river on the site where the parsonage now stands.

I cannot refrain from describing briefly a bloody incident that took place at the Althing in the year 1011. It was the year after the wise Njal had been burned in his house. The whole Althing was very much roused by this crime, but for a time it seemed that the incendiaries were strong enough to have the matter hushed up. The case was discussed at the Lögrjetta as usual, and the cleverest lawyers in the land put forth strong arguments on both sides, but before judgment could be pronounced, an armed conflict broke out. The



THINGVALLA

incendiaries fell back before the superior forces of their opponents, crossing to the west bank of the river below the Lower Fall, and following the stream, with the idea of seeking ambush in the gorge. But the chief Snorri Priest, who was a wise man, had forestalled them by throwing his men across the road leading to the gorge and so cutting off their retreat. Then the fight began in good earnest. The incendiaries, pursued by their opponents and confronted by Snorri's men, were between a double fire. The battle grew violent,

and many fell. The members of the intervention party, which was most numerous, had also left the place of judgment, went to the east of the river and across the bridge to throw themselves between the fighters, but they came too late. The incendiaries were already scattered and fled wildly southward along the river to the lake. In the heat of the battle, some of the intervention party, among them the son of the chief, fell pierced by flying spears.

Several other times there were bloody contests at the Althing, but none so serious as this.

At the time of the Sturlungs, the chiefs would often meet with a force of many hundred men, who would be ranged on the Thing plain, but as a rule the occasion passed without real fighting. When the Reformation was introduced, in the middle of the sixteenth century, things often looked threatening, and once the Danes put up some copper cannon at the Thing, but the clash of arms was always averted. On the other hand, single combats were often fought at the Thing, usually on one of the small islands (*holmer*) in the river, but early in our history these were forbidden. Manslaughter quite frequently occurred at the Thing.

As time passed, the Althing was shorn of its glory, and after the Reformation it was only a shadow of its old self. Though it still existed to the end of the eighteenth century, it was used chiefly as a place for proclaiming the King's orders. A building was erected for the court below the old Lögberg, but as everything else fell into decay, the house, too, became dilapidated, and at last we hear complaints that it was quite unfit for use. In the year 1792, there was an earthquake shock that caused the ground to sink two inches; the miserable hut tumbled down, and therewith the saga of the Althing was over.

For half a century the place was forgotten and neglected, but when the Althing was to be established again, many favored having it in the old place. Practical considerations prevailed, however, and in 1845 the Althing was organized at Reykjavik.

Yet the rise of national feeling has revived interest in Thingvalla, and no other spot is so sacred to Icelanders. Several times popular assemblies, generally of a political character, have been held there. Two times Danish kings have visited Thingvalla and have been given an ovation by great crowds of people. The guest-book at Thingvalla can show names that are known the world over, among them American multimillionaires, some great names of literature such as Bayard Taylor, Rider Haggard, Hall Caine, and others, and a number of explorers. Now there is telephone connection and a fair automobile road from Reykjavik. There are two summer hotels, besides the parsonage, where guests are also received. Thingvalla

is very popular with the inhabitants of Reykjavik, who often spend their summer vacations there and enjoy the fresh air and picturesque landscape.

Vigi

By KATHERINE LEE BATES

*Wisest of dogs was Vigi, a tawny-coated hound
That King Olaf, warring over green hills of Ireland, found;
His merry Norse were driving away a mighty herd
For feasts upon the dragonships, when an isleman dared a word*

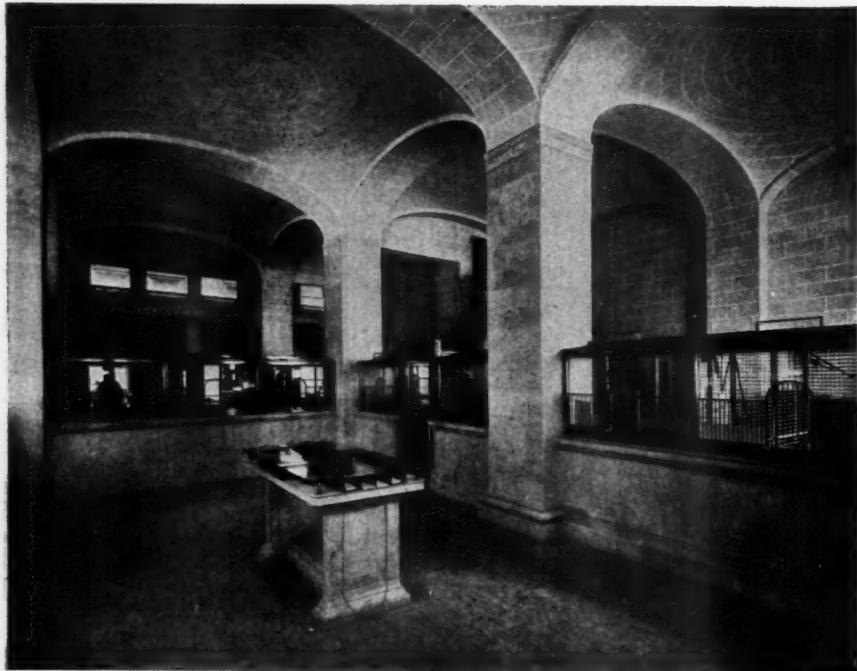
*"From all those stolen hundreds, well might ye spare my score."
"Ay, take them," quoth the gamesome King, "but not a heifer more.
Choose out thine own; nor hinder us; yet choose without a slip."
The isleman laughed and whistled, his finger at his lip.*

*Oh, swift the bright-eyed Vigi went darting through the herd
And singled out his master's neat with a nose that never erred,
And drove the star-marked twenty forth, to the wonder of the King,
Who bought the hound right honestly, at the price of a broad gold ring.*

*If the herd dog dreamed of an Irish voice and of cattle on the hill,
He told it not to Olaf the King, whose will was Vigi's will,
But followed him far in faithful love and bravely helped him win
His famous fight with Thorir Hart and Raud, the wizard Finn.*

*Above the clamor and the clang shrill sounded Vigi's bark,
And when the groaning ship of Raud drew seaward to the dark,
And Thorir Hart leapt to the land, bidding his rowers live
Who could, Olaf and Vigi strained hard on the fugitive.*

*'Twas Vigi caught the runner's heel and stayed the windswift flight
Till Olaf's well-hurled spear had changed the day to endless night
For Thorir Hart, but not before his sword had stung the hound,
Whom the heroes bore on shield to ship, all grieving for his wound.*



SCANDINAVIAN TRUST COMPANY—PUBLIC LOBBY AND MAIN BANKING ROOM

The Scandinavian Trust Company

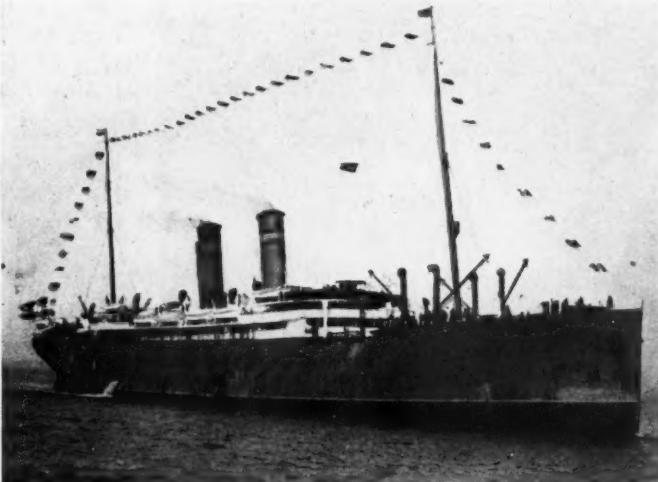
THE formal opening of the Scandinavian Trust Company in its fine quarters at 56 Broadway, New York, was heralded as an important event in the financial world. The *Bankers Magazine* writes:

"The commerce between the United States and the Scandinavian countries is very large and its importance increases year by year. There are also very many people, both in New York and other parts of the country, of Scandinavian birth, who constitute an active, industrial and thrifty element of our national population. While it will be the aim of the new institution to supply the banking facilities demanded from the sources indicated above, for which the personnel and equipment assure a high degree of banking service, both foreign and domestic banking of all kinds will receive equally careful attention. The tendency of international banking to develop along somewhat special lines is unmistakable, and where, as in this case, the personnel and equipment are such as to assure at the outset a high standard of safety and skill, the result must tend not only toward the success of the particular institution concerned, but must have an important bearing in enhancing American banking prestige. The

connections of the Scandinavian Trust Company on the other side of the Atlantic are of a character which assure at once a wide and intimate relation with large European banking interests. Both the official staff and the board of directors resident in this country represent extensive banking experience and financial relations of exceptional extent."

The Kristianiafjord

IN its last issue the REVIEW wrote: "When the Norwegian America Line started passenger service across the Atlantic, there was no difficulty in persuading the small investors all over the prairies of the Northwest to take their hoarded pennies from their stocking-feet, and last year the line paid them a dividend of twenty per cent." Since then the first ship of the line, the magnificent *Kristianiafjord*, has been ground to pieces on the rocks off Cape Race—a victim of the wartime regulations that forced it to call for inspection at Halifax and so skirt that dangerous coast, well named "the graveyard of the sea." The picture shows the *Kristianiafjord* arriving in New York on her maiden voyage, in June, 1913. The hope and enthusiasm with which she was then greeted have been amply justified; she and her sister ship, the *Bergensfjord*, have rendered splendid service, and her destruction at this time is an international loss. The passengers, numbering 916, were saved in the boats through the presence of mind of Captain S. C. Hjortdahl, who has been in command ever since the ship was launched at Birkenhead four years ago. The proud liner, valued at three million dollars, is an absolute wreck.



Interesting People: Dr. H. G. Stub

WHEN three great church bodies convened in St. Paul recently to form the new Norwegian Lutheran Church in America, there was but one opinion on the choice of a president. Dr. Hans Gerhard Stub was elected without a dissenting vote.



Dr. Stub is the son of one of the first of the small band of pioneer ministers to the Norwegian settlers in the Middle West, and has, all his life, been identified with the Norwegian Synod, as pastor, professor of theology, editor, writer, lecturer, and, since 1910, as president. In 1914, he represented the Synod at the Norwegian Centennial and was made Commander of the Order of St. Olaf. His broad humanity, his tact and wisdom, no less than his ripe scholarship, have made him the logical choice for the head of the church that began its corporate existence in St. Paul, June 9. On the morning of the ratification day, members of the Hauge Synod, the United Church, and the Norwegian Synod marched through the streets of the city in a long procession, headed by Governor Peter Norbeck of South Dakota, who carried the American

Ten thousand people were

gathered in the Auditorium. In the hour when the act of union was formally adopted, the bells were rung in all the churches of the new organization, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The church counts one-half million members and owns institutions valued at fifteen million dollars.

Editorial

The American Point of View

The REVIEW is an American magazine, and America is at war with Germany. At this writing, the Scandinavian people are greatly troubled by the policy of the American Government, which has for several weeks held up all exports from the United States to the Northern neutrals. Let us therefore endeavor to interpret in a few words the extreme American position as we see it. Well-informed Americans are acquainted with the fact that there is no re-exportation of goods received from this country in Scandinavia. They know furthermore that the three Northern Governments, forced by dire need at home, have now placed embargoes upon their native products of every description, from food to machinery, excepting such few staples as they have in surplus—Danish cattle, Swedish iron and wood pulp, and a small amount of Norwegian fish. But this, many Americans feel, is not enough. They do not see why Scandinavia will not go with us so far as to stop exporting to our enemies altogether. Why will the neutrals not live on less? Why should they be unwilling to suffer, for a time, their share of the universal distress, while we, who were lately neutral, fight the battle for humanity?

Two factors must be borne in mind. The first argument is that the entire world is threatened with a shortage of food, and the United States, as the granary for the nations, is in duty bound to study the food needs of all peoples, and to be assured that not only we ourselves but other nations are wisely rationed. To determine these requirements exactly, it is necessary for our Government experts to have the complete statistics of trade of the neutral countries up to the end of 1916. Normally these reports take years to compile and publish, and hence the records are incomplete. One or two governments have now hastened the process and made the complete figures up to date available. Only when the other neutrals have completed their tabulations can a proper distribution of American supplies be made. The second consideration is that the United States is engaged in this war for humanitarian motives, to assure the safety of democratic institutions throughout the world. Whereas America is sacrificing her young men to defeat the Germans, ought not the neutrals also to be willing to make sacrifices? If they export any commodities whatsoever to Germany, do they not prolong the war? Is it right for an American farmer to send food to the Swedish miners who extract iron that is sent to Germany and eventually used to kill the farmers' sons? Is it not the duty of America to withhold our grain and let the miner plant potatoes or catch fish for a living?

This is, as we see it, the American point of view.

Fair Play Neutrals would indeed be in despair were they not convinced that the inherent fair play of the American people will find a solution. Unhappily, certain elements of the American press have been conducting a campaign of misrepresentation of the Scandinavian countries, with the apparent object of goading or devilling them into the war. Our good friend the *New York Times* is a notable sinner in this respect. Exaggerating editorials are based upon a mysterious "British Government's Statement" which proves to be unavailable, or on the report of a correspondent who signs himself "A Resident for Two Years in Denmark." The impression is produced that these countries are practically rationing the German army. Norway is taunted editorially with her "humiliation" in suffering the submarine outrages on her fleet.

These writers seem to lack all sense of proportion. What little is now actually going from Scandinavia into Germany is not a drop in the bucket of the yawning need of the Central Powers. What are five herrings per annum per inhabitant from Norway? As for the argument that we ought not to feed those who supply our enemies, the answer is that these things tend to balance; they are not doing it for nothing, but are relieving Germany of a commensurate amount of other goods, and though they are selling certain things to Germany, they are selling even more liberally to the Allies. In fairness it must be remembered that the Northern countries do not regard it a crime to trade with Germany; they have a perfect right to keep up the industries and trade relations which have taken centuries to develop. They feel that they have already made great concessions in friendliness to the Allies. For any one Northern neutral to break her neutrality by breaking off all intercourse with Germany would inevitably mean the seizure of Sweden and Denmark as naval bases and industrial factories slaving for the Central Powers. No military strategist with whom we have discussed the situation can see any profit for the Allies in Scandinavian participation in the war. We must be fair and face the facts squarely if we are to keep the sympathy of the small neutrals. Our nation, avowing a humanitarian purpose in entering the war to make democracy safe the world over, can ill afford to create distrust of our motives in three of the most democratic nations of the world.

Their Normal Trade

The newly created Exports Council in Washington appears unwilling to grant licenses for shipments to neutrals whenever it is shown that the country to which the goods are consigned has shipped similar wares to Germany. Thus a consignment of 2,800 tons of pig iron to Sweden has been stopped. By a wider application of the principle, fodder

and grain will not be permitted to be sent to any country that has exported meat, cattle, or dairy products to Germany. This will be a hard blow to Denmark. The system of intensified farming which has won the admiration of the world is built up entirely on the importation of fodder. Denmark, with its small area, its boggy heaths, and prevalence of rainy and misty days, is not, in fact, suitable to the raising of grain; the soil is not fertile, but needs the natural manure from the droves of cattle. Realizing this, the people have bent their energies to stock-raising and the refining of farm products. The Danish farmer keeps as many cattle as he can provide with hay and pasturage, relying entirely on the import trade for more concentrated feed.

Before the war, the chief customer of live cattle was Germany; of butter, bacon and eggs, England. The war export regulations issued by the Danish Government were framed with a view to keeping up all the old markets of the country even at a temporary sacrifice. England therefore is still receiving fifty per cent. of Danish bacon, Germany only fourteen per cent., although it is claimed that the farmers lose fifteen dollars on every hog exported to England, so much higher are the prices offered in Germany. The British blockade minister has repeatedly declared that Denmark has lived up to her agreement admirably. The ministry is, of course, aware that the stoppage of our fodder export to Denmark will work as much privation to Great Britain as to Germany, and no doubt it has counted the cost and is willing to forego Danish bacon and butter in order to deprive Germany of Danish meat.

In Denmark, however, the action of our Government is viewed with apprehension. Through careful regulation it has been possible to keep the live-stock of the country almost normal as to number and quality, but there is little hope of avoiding a wholesale slaughter of cattle next winter. This will mean the ruin of Denmark's chief industry, which it has taken many years of hard work to build up.

The case of Swedish iron is similar in so far as this trade also belongs to the normal activities of the country. Refined iron has always been one of Sweden's leading exports, and it is now sold to England and Germany in about the same proportions as before. On the other hand, a small amount of low-grade pig iron was formerly bought in England, and the stoppage of this supply has led Swedish manufacturers to turn to America. Iron and wood pulp are now practically the only return Sweden can make for the coal which is brought right to her doors in German bottoms and which she needs for her industries. At the same time, Sweden is in urgent need of the food which she formerly received from western sources; how urgent the need is seen by the continued food riots in many cities.

Food for Friday The plight of Norway is the simplest of the three. The Commission headed by Dr. Frithjof Nansen can have no difficulty in making it clear to our Exports Council that Norway is actually not exporting to Germany any food except the fish that Great Britain does not want. As previously explained in the REVIEW, the British-Norwegian agreement stipulates that England is to receive eighty-five per cent. of the Norwegian fish export—at a certain price, it may be remarked parenthetically, which has remained stationary, although salt has risen from eight kroner a barrel to thirty-five kroner, and coal from seventy or eighty kroner a ton to 300 kroner. The supply is so ample that Great Britain not only fills her own needs but sells to other countries, even to Norway's neighbor, Sweden. The remaining fifteen per cent. of the export is sold to Germans, who also provide the salt, coal, and fishing-tackle for their portion of the catch. On this there is no maximum price fixed, and the Norwegian fishermen revenge themselves for German ruthlessness to their comrades by exacting the highest price obtainable, when they do not absolutely refuse to sell.

Extremes Untenable Obviously the President must soon decide on some measure of compromise to solve the export dilemma. Scandinavia cannot completely cut off relations with Germany; nor can we afford to cut off all trade with Scandinavia. The three Scandinavian countries may be able to retrench exports somewhat more, but to force them to put an absolute embargo upon all exports would be interpreted as a breach of neutrality and plunge them into war. For such a disaster our humane country cannot afford to be responsible. On the other hand, if our Government should refuse to deliver to Denmark and Sweden their purchases in this country, their people, already severely restricted by ticket rations in the consumption of food, would be reduced to a state of poverty and distress not experienced since the Middle Ages. Either extreme is untenable.

Mr. Hoover Mr. Hoover has made us realize the practical efficiency of democracy for setting into motion a vast machine for national economy. In the old-fashioned autocracies, if new ideas are not actually put into currency by summary legislation—as was the case in Russia when the vodka supply was cut off—they at best filter through slowly into the general consciousness “from precedent to precedent,” and thus require months to accomplish what has been merely a matter of weeks with us. In a great democracy like the United States the public mind, although it may at times show distressing tendencies to go off at tangents,

is always on the alert for any suggestion that has in it an element of novelty or picturesqueness as well as practicability. Consequently it needed only the sudden emergence into the national arena of a new personality, a new kind of man who had done things, with an interesting program of constructive economy, to set the entire populace on edge with a desire to cultivate its garden. A tourist through the country districts sees small and large areas set off in all sorts of available places, in the manner of the Colony Gardens in Denmark. Even the public greens and the spaces before town halls and libraries have been converted into prosperous potato patches. School children, as well as professional farmers, are doing their part. At the same time, waste in the home has been cut down to a surprising degree; recent returns from large cities show a diminution of thirty-two per cent. in the daily contents of the garbage pail. And now that a surplus, at least for immediate needs, seems assured, every one is asking the pertinent question: "How are we to make a wise distribution of our products when the time comes?" The ability to answer that question will prove Mr. Hoover's qualifications for his position as food administrator. The REVIEW has every reason to believe that, now he is vested with adequate authority and public support, he will more than meet the stupendous requirements of the task. At any rate, it has assured Mr. Hoover of the loyal co-operation of all American Associates of the Foundation to plant, to can, and to eliminate the garbage pail.

The World's Nickel Supply

The organization of a huge nickel company in Ontario, the merging in it of the Christiansands Nikkelraffineringsverk, and the adoption of the electrolytic method of refining invented by a Swede, W. Hybinette, are links in a colossal international enterprise that will place almost the whole nickel supply of the world in the hands of the British Government. The British America Nickel Corporation, Limited, owns mines said to contain eighteen million tons of metal. This, together with the mines of the International Nickel Company in the same province, will concentrate eighty per cent. of the nickel output of the world in Ontario, and while before the war not a pound of Canadian nickel was refined in the Dominion, it will now all be refined there by the Hybinette method, to which the company has acquired the rights for North America. The enterprise is absolutely controlled by the British Government, which holds, through a public trustee for Great Britain, \$14,500,000 of the \$20,000,000 capital stock. Norwegian interests have \$1,000,000, and Canadian capitalists own most of the remainder.

Mr. W. Hybinette received his training in Sweden, where he still lives, and recently celebrated his fiftieth birthday by large dona-

tions to Swedish and Norwegian institutions. He was at one time connected with the Oxford, now the International Nickel Company, in Ontario, and while there invented the method of refining nickel by electricity still known as the Oxford method. When the Norwegian nickel industry was revived in the present century, it was found that in order to make it pay it would be necessary to turn out a finished product, and arrangements were therefore made with Mr. Hybinette for introducing his perfected process. The Christiansands Nikkelraffineringsverk was opened in 1910, and at the time of its destruction by fire a few months ago employed seven hundred workmen and had an output of 840 tons a year. The method has the great merit of eliminating all ill-smelling gases and noxious liquids, besides securing a very high grade of nickel.

When the British America Nickel Corporation, Limited, was formed a few years ago to utilize the rich nickel ore in the Sudbury district in Ontario, negotiations were entered into with the Norwegian concern for permission to use its process, but the matter was delayed for various reasons. Then came the war and demonstrated the imperative need of getting control of the nickel supply; the British Government came in as a partner, and work on the plant was pressed vigorously. Finally, the fire which consumed the works at Christiansand destroyed also the company's pre-war contract with Germany, and the Norwegian Government, by expropriating what was left in the warehouses, released the management from all further obligations to Germany. The company was reorganized as a partner of the British American concern, and its output will, of course, hereafter be sold to Great Britain and her Allies. The directors for Norway are Admiral Børresen and Sam Eyde.

Swedish Classics By general agreement the generous offer of Mr. Charles S. Peterson of Chicago to endow the SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS for three thousand dollars, covering the two years, 1917 and 1918, has been changed to a guarantee of four volumes of translations from the Swedish. It is expected that this will suggest the opportunities for friends of Danish and Norwegian literature to do likewise for their classics. The Committee of Publications hope to publish this autumn an Anthology of Swedish Lyrics, collected and translated by Charles Wharton Stork—in addition to the two volumes already announced, *Marie Grubbe* and *Arnljot Gelline*. In 1918 they plan to publish two volumes from the Swedish, and another Swedish classic the following year.

Current Events

Denmark

¶ A cabinet crisis was averted, according to a press dispatch of July 6, by the resignation of the Socialist Government member, Th. Stauning, from the Dutch-Scandinavian Committee, which is arranging the conference in Stockholm. During the war the Radical Zahle ministry has been augmented by three ministers without portfolio representing the three other parties: Stauning, the Socialists, Rottböll the Conservatives, and Christensen the Liberals. The participation of Stauning in the peace conference drew down on the Government much censure, and a demand for his resignation was made by the Conservatives. An interview which Stauning gave out, criticising the United States for entering the war, elicited a sharp protest from the American minister, Dr. Egan, and thus complicated the situation. Still Premier Zahle refused to take action. The Conservative member, Rottböll, then resigned, but withdrew his resignation at the request of the King and was, therefore, repudiated by his own party. Finally the matter was adjusted by the somewhat tardy withdrawal of Stauning from the Stockholm committee, Jeppe Borgbjerg, the editor of Social-Demokraten, taking his place. ¶ The Commission appointed by the Government to investigate the food situation has recommended that the number of hogs in the country be reduced by forty or fifty per cent. in order to save fodder. ¶ The commune of Copenhagen has purchased 3,000,000 kroner worth of pork and beef for salting down. This meat is to be kept in reserve until other sources of supply fail. ¶ The fuel problem in Denmark is as serious as the food problem in Sweden. The lignite coal in Jutland has not been found so good as it was first hoped, and the strongest efforts now are bent on laying in a supply of wood. All owners of woodland are commanded to cut at least twice as much as their average output in the years preceding the war. The use of kerosene for lighting purposes is forbidden. The old windmills of Denmark, which had fallen into disuse after the introduction of electricity, have been pressed into service again to save coal. ¶ Philip Beck, an exporter of Copenhagen, has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment for illegal export. He shipped five hundred cases of lard from Frederikshavn to Copenhagen; on the way the ship was seized by the Germans and declared a prize. Beck was proved to have been in collusion with the captors. ¶ Emigration from Denmark, in 1916, has been greater than that in 1915 by about one thousand persons; it was about one-half of the normal number, being 4,265 as against 8,800 in 1913.

Sweden

¶ Representatives of the three Scandinavian Governments held a meeting in Stockholm, beginning May 9, to continue the conferences that have now become an established custom. The new feature of the official report is the stress laid on the need for interchange of commodities in order to make Scandinavia, as far as possible, independent of the outside world. The foundation will be laid for co-operation in the distribution of food, and a beginning has already been made by the arrangement for regular delivery of Danish butter and bacon to the Swedish Royal Food Commission. ¶ The seriousness of the food situation in Sweden is revealed by the press dispatch saying that the Government is expropriating the entire harvest of 1917 besides all grain found in storage on September 1. ¶ Before the dissolution of the Riksdag, Premier Swartz appeared before both houses of the Riksdag and outlined the situation. He explained that there was no immediate want, but the problem before the country was to husband its resources so as to have enough for food and seed corn until the harvest of 1918. His declaration that the Government would continue its policy for safeguarding the independence and neutrality of the country was acclaimed by all party leaders, even by Mayor Lindhagen for the extreme Socialists. ¶ This peaceful adjournment followed hard on the bloody riots in Stockholm the week before. On June 5, the heads of the radical parties demanded of the Government a statement of its attitude toward internal reforms, equal and direct suffrage, better conditions of labor, and higher wages fixed by law. Premier Swartz replied that he did not think the time opportune for changes. The news of the debate quickly spread to the crowds assembled outside of the Riksdag building, and the result was a free fight between the police and the populace, in which several persons were wounded, though none seriously. The national federation of labor unions refused to lend countenance to the rioters by ordering a general protest strike. ¶ A new law, which is to go into effect on January 1, 1919, promises to be the most important temperance legislation passed in Sweden since the abolition of the private still half a century ago. It will put beer and wine under the same official *Kontrolbolag* which handles brandy and similar strong liquors, and private gain will thus be eliminated from the sale of even these lighter beverages. ¶ Sporadic food riots have occurred from time to time in several cities. ¶ The announcement that the Food Commission would sell potatoes on a certain day brought out about twelve thousand buyers in Göteborg, hundreds of whom were standing in line when the sale opened at six in the morning. ¶ Fourteen steamers from England, released under safe conducts from Germany, arrived in Göteborg on July 6.

Norway

¶ A nest of traitors has been discovered in Bergen. It was found that the German South Pole explorer, Captain Filchner, had so misused the hospitality shown him as to organize a band of spies, who were hired at ridiculously low wages to report to the German Government the movement of Norwegian ships. Fourteen of these men were convicted, on June 5, and received sentences ranging from thirty days' to nine months' imprisonment. The Norwegian public and press are aghast at the slight punishment meted out to these wretches who were directly responsible for the torpedoing of Norwegian vessels. ¶ A few weeks later, the Christiania police found two wagon loads of explosives in the rooms of a Finn, Hjalmar Wirtanen. There were bombs in all kinds of innocent-looking shapes, some appearing like bits of coal that could easily be dropped into the bunkers of a ship. The stuff had been brought into the country in the baggage of a courier of the German embassy, "Baron" Aron von Rautenfels, and, in accordance with the rules of international courtesy, had been passed by the custom house without inspection. A sharp protest from the Norwegian foreign minister elicited a half-hearted apology from the German foreign office. It is thought in Norway that these bombs may have been responsible for the loss of some of the forty Norwegian vessels that have disappeared without a trace, since an explosion from within does not give the crew even the meager chance for life offered by a submarine. ¶ Among the particularly atrocious outrages perpetrated recently by Germans are the seizure of the *Thorunn*, chartered by the Government to carry hay to starving cattle in northern Norway, and the destruction of helpless fishing-boats on the coast of Finmarken. German submarines sometimes appear in the guise of fishing-boats, or even of wrecks, which open fire on any one who approaches to give them succour. ¶ The Department of Justice has decreed that all aliens must have passports, and that they shall be barred from certain zones. ¶ A new schedule of pay for Government employees has been worked out, raising all salaries an average of twenty per cent. or more. Temporary subsidies are also given to meet the cost of living, which has increased ninety-seven per cent. in Christiania since 1901 and almost as much in other cities. ¶ The State Railways are buying large supplies of bridge material in the United States. ¶ A new company, with a capital of 3,000,000 kroner, has acquired rich oil lands in the British West India island, Trinidad. The headquarters of the concern will be in Christiania, and a branch office may be opened in London. ¶ An exhibition of Belgian paintings and sculpture was held in Bergen and Christiania in May and June and resulted in the sale of 234 pictures.

Books

HURRAH AND HALLELUJAH. A Documentation by J. P. Bang, D.D. Translated by Jessie Bröchner. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1917.

In this book a Danish professor of theology has made a documentation of war-time sermons by German preachers, as well as patriotic and religious utterances of poets, prophets, and professors, would-be interpreters not of the imperial government but of the ideals of the people. These pages are a terrible revelation of national self-sanctification. "It is not only our existence that is at stake," says one preacher, "it is a question of the rise or decline of the spiritual life of Europe." The German pulpit's state of mind may be epitomized in Pastor Vorwerk's paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer: "Though the warrior's bread be scanty, do Thou work daily death and tenfold woe unto the enemy. Forgive in merciful long-suffering each bullet and each blow which misses its mark! Lead us not into the temptation of letting our wrath be too tame in carrying out Thy divine judgment! Deliver us and our Ally from the Infernal Enemy and his servants on earth. Thine is the kingdom, the German land; may we, by aid of Thy steel-clad hand, achieve the power and the glory."

At such lunacies one wonders whether to revile or to laugh. Sometimes the milder passages suggest what we hear Sundays from our own pulpits, and we involuntarily begin searching our own eyes for motes. It is surely no phariseism, however, to be convinced that as the Germans have made war more hellish than any other nation, so their auto-intoxication of militarism has reached a stage more blasphemous than that of any other belligerent. We Americans realize the difficulty of our problem: to persuade a people not only to put away their government but to become convinced that their idealism is perverted.

FORCED TO FIGHT. The Tale of a Schleswig Dane. By Erich Erichsen. Translated by Ingeborg Lund. New York. Robert McBride. 1917. 184 pages.

Little has been heard of the nearly four thousand Danes in North Slesvig who have lost their lives fighting for the country which has oppressed them for half a century, or of the saddened homes in that old Danish land. Erich Erichsen sketches in a few paragraphs a background of the country where the Danish songs are still sung in secret, and where the flagstaffs stand empty, but kept in repair, waiting for the return of the Danebrog. The first chapter of his book was printed in the May-June number of the REVIEW under the title "The Silent Dane" and describes the splendid young farmer lad who came back to his home on the fjord broken in soul and body. The rest of the book is his story, told in the first person, recounting his experiences at the front, the storming of Liege, and the agonies of the Carpathians in winter. An especially impressive chapter deals with the departure from Berlin, when the crowd of respectable and good-natured citizens is transformed into a yelling mob. We see the mass suggestion, which forms so large a part of war, working in the minds of the good, kind family men who compose an army of the people, waking in them dormant passions and evil instincts.

The English publisher has not improved the book by furnishing it with shrieking titles such as "Forced to fight for the Huns." Under its original title "The Silent Dane," the simple narrative of the young Dane, doing what he conceived to be his duty with no heart for the task, and enduring tortures of mind and body with no hope or love to buoy him up, is a far more terrible indictment of Prussianism and indeed of all unrighteous war. No wonder the book is forbidden in Germany.

THE NORMANS IN EUROPEAN HISTORY. By Charles Homer Haskins, Gurney Professor of History and Political Science in Harvard University. Boston and New York. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1917. \$2.50.

In *The Normans in European History* we have a scholarly presentation of a great theme by one who is thoroughly familiar with this fascinating field.

It must be regretted that there could not be a fuller treatment of the "Normans in the South," and the "Norman Kingdom in Italy," for there is so little on the subject in English. The Norman influence in Spain and in the Crusades has scant notice, while the Byzantine empire is untouched. The book, therefore, hardly fulfills the promise of its title. It is hoped that this excellent work is but the prelude to that larger and fuller one which is so much needed.

In the all-too-brief lecture on the "Coming of the Northmen" there are a number of exceedingly quotable passages; here are two or three: "The truth is that sea-power . . . was in the ninth and tenth centuries, so far as western Europe was concerned, a Scandinavian monopoly" (p. 30); "Heathen still, and from one point of view barbarian, the Northmen had yet a culture of their own, well advanced on its material side, notable in its artistic skill, and rich in its treasures of poetry and story" (p. 38); "Normandy for about a century from 911 was a colony, an outpost of the Scandinavian peoples in the south, fed by new bands of colonists from the northern homes" (p. 44).

The work covers the period, 911-1154. It can be highly commended.

ALLEN C. THOMAS.

Brief Notes

Einar Jónsson, the Icelandic sculptor, is now in this country engaged in making a perfected model of his statue of Thorfinn Karlsefni to be submitted to the Park Commission in Philadelphia. A smaller sketch has already been exhibited here and has been reproduced on the cover of the REVIEW.

The American-Scandinavian Foundation has contributed \$200.00 to the American Red Cross. This sum represents the net proceeds, all expenses deducted, of the performance of the Icelandic tragedy, "Eywind of the Hills," in Boston. The task of management was voluntarily assumed by Professor William H. Schofield, President of the Foundation.

Mr. Harold W. Rambusch has contributed to the *Brooklyn Museum Quarterly*, July, 1916, a paper entitled "The Revival of an Old Art," which dispels the popular confusion between "Al Fresco" and oil painting. The article contains reproductions of church interiors from Horsens and Viborg.

Gerhard Gade, son of Consul F. Herman Gade, is author of an attractive little monograph on "Norwegian Ex Libris," published at Boston for the Society of Book-Plate Bibliophiles. The introduction points out that Norwegian book-plates use pictorial or allegorical designs and do not rely for their themes, like most of the Swedish, on armorial bearings. A score of book-plates are reproduced, representing work, among others, of Munthe, Holmboe, and the Werenskiolds.

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The Series of *Scandinavian Classics*, and Hustvedt's "Ballad Criticism" and Hovgaard's "Voyages of the Norsemen," in the *Scandinavian Monographs*, were printed for the American-Scandinavian Foundation by this Press.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

It is the small furnishings of the home which give it originality and distinction. Nothing adds more to the beauty of a room than its lamps, and in the search for something unusual it is interesting to discover the new porcelain lamps of Royal Copenhagen. Some are of Art Faience decorated with flowers and gorgeous birds in yellow, brown, and green—others of more conventional designs in rich Copenhagen blue. Then there are the smaller and more expensive lamps of the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain itself.

If you happen to be the proud possessor of two Royal Copenhagen vases you can improvise a pair of lovely lamps. Put an electric bulb in each vase, attach them to one of your plugs, and behold your monotonous gray-blue roses will be transformed into soft, richly-tinted pink flowers and your cold vase into a radiant lamp.

Now that Mr. Hoover is daily telling us to save every crumb of bread and every bone of meat and to waste nothing, it is worth while for Scandinavians to revive some of the economical dishes their mothers used. For instance, they were past masters in serving sour milk in appetizing forms. The simplest and many think the most refreshing way is to beat it well and serve in soup plates with bits of dry broken bread. Or it may be left to stand until it turns stiff, when the top, covered with thick yellow cream, is carefully dished up and served with bread crumbs and sugar. A more elaborate way is to strain the milk in a bag, which must hang for some hours, until the whey has all run off. The cheese is then mixed with a little sweet cream and is served as a dessert with cream, sugar, and cinnamon.

Gizelle

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Gröt was familiar to many plain people as the main feature of Saturday and wash-day dinners before it made its entrance on American breakfast tables under the name of cereal. In the Northern countries, where wheat was a luxury, housewives knew how to use oats, barley, and rye, besides rice for Sunday. *Gröt* is a nourishing dish and will give father a chance to lecture to the young folks on the evils of elaborate menus and point to his own thrifty youth as an object-lesson.

The smock has come in answer to the modern woman's demand for freedom of the limbs. The Scandinavian Art Shop takes orders for one that is particularly unique. It is very long, unbelted, and made of heavy linen in a soft old blue, trimmed with a Swedish peasant embroidery in bright wool. The color can be varied; a brown linen would be becoming to the brUNETTE and would be as good a background for the design of conventionalized flowers.

Nowadays no woman is well dressed without at least two or three sweaters in her wardrobe, and it is surprising what inexpensive garments they are. Styles in sweaters vary all the way from the long old-fashioned sweater coat to the short little sleeveless sweater which is especially smart and new. The athletic woman finds a sweater indispensable to the winning of a golf or tennis match, and the sleeveless one is especially appropriate for exercising, as the arms are left quite free.

All kinds of wool can be successfully manipulated into sweaters, but Scotch and English wool is the best. Since the war there is but one agency in the country for these imported wools, *The Scotch Wool Shop, Haverford, Pa.* There one can find lovely bright shades of blue and rose, soft browns and greens, gorgeous apricots and purples. The Scotch Wool Shop will send samples of all wools on approval and for twenty-five cents will send a splendid Book of Recipes.

TRADE NOTES

News and Comment on Exports and Trade Conditions Between America and the Scandinavian Countries.

SHIPPING—THE EMBARGO AND SCANDINAVIAN EX- CHANGE

A remarkable sight offers itself to the ordinary observer in a ferry voyage across the Hudson River or a bus trip along Riverside Drive. Deep laden steamers of many descriptions dot the waters of the river in profusion. Most of these fly the flags of Holland or the Scandinavian countries.

Within their hulls lie the dead or dying hopes of hundreds of Scandinavians dependent upon their cargoes. It presents a situation so wasteful, so uneconomical, that even the strongest supporters of the embargo stand aghast when they contemplate this idleness of products so much in demand by the hungry, war-enslaved world.

Practically all of these cargoes are already bought and paid for by their European consignees. To this may perhaps be attributed one of the causes for the sharp decline in the value of the American dollar in the neutral countries.

SCANDINAVIAN EXPORTERS PLEDGE AID TO U. S.

A movement is well under way by a group of leading exporters to the Scandinavian countries whereby they hope to further the interests of their Scandinavian customers, modifying as much as possible the inconvenience which the embargo regulations may impose.

These exporters have unreservedly offered their services in establishing a basis of continued, normal trade

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TRADE NOTES—Continued

relations which should, by seeking to help the fiscal trade balance, result in equal benefits to both this country and the neutrals.

Among the firms are the Norwegian-American Trading Co., the N. Y. Forwarding Co., Borch-Lydon Co., Nielsen & Lundbeck, M. Moran, Inc., B. Brown & Bro., Inc., Hart Trading Co. and D. C. Andrews & Co., Inc.

IN WASHINGTON

The Secretary of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, Dr. Leach, has been one of the tireless workers in the effort to ameliorate the conditions caused by the embargo and provide some basis for an effectual compromise. He spent the week of July 31 in conference in Washington and reported progress. The writer has heard much appreciation expressed of these efforts among the export and import trade.

POST-BELLUM PREPARATIONS

It is rumored that a combination will shortly be effected for the purpose of receiving Swedish iron and steel in ingot or billet form and rendering and rolling it in American mills.

A SHOE-STRING INCIDENT

There is a quiet laugh going around among those interested in shipments to the neutrals. It appears that somewhere there are two cases of shoe-strings which have been held up by the Entente forces. These were consigned to a Scandinavian firm and, according to report, are of a very fine quality. The assumption may be that these may eventually find their way to the Central Powers.

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THE SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER NUMBER

The REVIEW this month gives the place of honor to J. P. JACOBSEN, whose great novel, *Marie Grubbe: A Lady of the Seventeenth Century*, is soon to appear in a translation by Hanna Astrup Larsen as the eighth of the SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS. The portrait of him, painted by Josephson, was presented to the Frederiksborg collection by members of his family. Professor Palmer contributes to this number translations of "Irmelin Rose," by some considered the most beautiful poem in the Danish language, and another less well-known poem, "Landscape." *The Plague at Bergamo* is one of Jacobsen's most powerful short stories.

DAGMAR KNUDSEN is a teacher in the high schools of Oakland. She is a native Californian, of mixed Danish and American descent, and has spent a considerable time in Scandinavia. She is one of the most untiring workers for the introduction of the Scandinavian languages into the University of California.

It may be a surprise to many that the name Cesare, which they have seen signed to powerful cartoons in the *Evening Post*, the *World*, and the *Sun*, is not a *nom de plume*, but the name of an old and distinguished Swedish family. OSCAR CESARE was born in Norrköping and still retains his interest in Swedish current history and literature. His drawings in the *New York Evening Post* deal chiefly with subjects suggested by the war and have a moral force and poignancy that lift them far above the average newspaper cartoon.

GUDMUNDUR MAGNÚSSON is an authority on Iceland and known to readers of the REVIEW for his previous articles from the saga island.

KATHERINE LEE BATES is professor of English literature at Wellesley College, with which she has been identified as instructor since 1885. She has published several collections of poems, besides stories and essays on literature. Her poem "Graves at Christiania" appeared in our Yule Number for 1916.

ALLEN C. THOMAS is professor of history and librarian emeritus of Haverford College. His histories of England and America are standard works.